

March 18, 1999

Puget Sound Photographic Collector's Society, Inc.

Vol. XX, No. 6

WHAT	NEXT REGULAR MEETING OF P.S.P.C.S.
WHERE	DES MOINES MASONIC TEMPLE 2208 S. 223rd ST. (Take Midway exit #149 west off I-5...go to first stop light west of Pacific HWY. S...turn right.)
WHEN	Thursday, March 18, 1999..7:30 till 10:00 p.m. (Doors open about 6:30)
WHY	Short business meeting..auction (one item-lot-per-member please)..door prize..Show & Tell..member sell & trade tables (free to members, please cover during business meeting/program.) PROGRAM: In honor of Saint Patrick's day members are to bring their favorite <u>GREEN</u> camera to share with the membership. Anyone who does not will be pinched!

CLUB MEMBERS FIGHT SICKNESS:

This winter has not been an easy time for club members Mary Michaelson and Chuck "Colonel" Merrill both of whom have had to spend time in hospital. Hopefully both will see better days in the weeks ahead. Our good wishes are with you both. We hope to see you soon. And for the rest of you: Be careful out there!! Ed.

UPCOMING NORTHWEST SHOWS:

The Potland Photographers' Forum 17th annual Camera Swap Meet is Saturday March 20th from 10 am to 4 pm. Admission is \$4.00 (early in at 8:30 is \$15.00) for info. call (503) 557-9196. PPF is a non-profit organization and has put on good shows in the past. This year the show will be at the Collector's Market at 8900 N. Vancouver Ave. This is just across the I-5 interstate bridge. Take exit 306B off I-5..go east 3/4 mile to Schmeer Rd..turn left you can't miss it from there.

The Vancouver B.C. Camera Show & Swap Meet is on April 11th. It is held at 4196 West 4th Ave. from 10 am to 4 pm. Admission is \$3.00 or \$15.00 at 9 am. They plan on having 140 tables. This has been an interesting show in the past and Siggie does a good job of organization. For information call Siggie at (604) 941-0300.

LETS NOT FORGET OUR SHOW:

April 24th is only 6 short weeks away. Now is the time to pick up flyers at our meeting and start spreading the word to all those eager buyers out there. Also, it is time to sign up for one hour of ticket taking at the door. Mike Immel will be signing members up at our next two meetings...or you can call him at (425) 806-8168. Please suport your club and earn yourself a \$15.00 early-in at the same time. All our tables are sold at this time but there is a waiting list. The Show Committee is looking forward to our best show ever...if the rain ever stops.

Remember to mail in your Display table form to Don Tempel. Our displays get better every year!

This Month's Mystery Question

Answers at end of Newsletter.

With thanks to the Arizona Photographic Collectors:

What bellows camera is flat and opens like a book?

****BACKSIDE INFORMATION****

February meeting of P.S.P.C.S. came to order at 7:30 p.m. with Bill Kimber sitting in for Dave Studebaker. There were 39 members and 1 guest present. Minutes of January meeting were approved as read. Treasurer reported show money coming in.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS:

Portland show report said there was low attendance but some sales were made.

Show report: Gary Sivertsen reported table waiting list was zero. He thinks Ebay has made a negative impact on camera shows. (See following story. Ed.)

Ed Frey said advertizing is ready to go. Now is the time to hand out flyers.

Darryl Womack reported only 5 entries came in for our 1999 show button contest. He has 5,000 post cards ready to mail. Don Tempel has signed up five exhibit tables.

Mike Immel reported our interclub swap gathering will be held on Saturday, October 9, 1999 and include the Boeing Photo. Club. No charge to club or attendees.

NEW BUSINESS:

Gary, reporting for Bob Kelly, said Bob had added examples and articles on our web site. Ray Kirlin has an article on subminiatures and Jim Villet also has an article. Bob has also expanded link sites with Bob Peters' help.

PROGRAM:

Three members, including Ray Kirlin and John Sparrow, brought some very interesting subminiatures and gave most interesting presentations. Thanks to all. Ed.

SHOW & TELL..AUCTION..DOOR PRIZES:

Seven members brought great articles for Show & Tell. Three of the four auction items sold for a total of \$22.00. Bob Kahle and Lee Scheeler won Lind's Lists.

Meeting adjourned at 8:40 p.m.

The following story is reprinted from the Cascade Panorama, Feb. & March 1999 issue.

EBAY, EBAY, EBAY!!!

by Mike Kessler

For more years than I care to admit, I've made a half dozen or so trips each year from Capistrano to the Bay area, either to do one of Dave Cox's camera shows or Graham Pilecki's image extravaganzas. With a little luck I also manage to spend a day or two antiquing the area, sometimes garnering enough loot to pay for the trip and even, on rare occasion, finding a real treasure. I just returned from one of these jaunts, but this time the treasure I brought back was the realization that it's all over. Gone. Finished. Kaput!

First of all there wasn't a solitary crumb of photographic interest to buy in the vast circuit of antique shops I regularly visit. I always turn up at least an interesting CDV or a

Stanhope for resale, but this time — nada. Something though did filter into my awareness as I wandered in and out of the glass case-lined aisles. Every time I passed the shop's front counter or edged my way through a clot of customers, I distinctly heard the word "EBAY." It was on everyone's lips: EBAY this and EBAY that. "Boy I got a great price for that on EBAY." Or "Thank God for EBAY. It's the only place I'm making any sales."

Already depressed with my lack of success as a picker, I decided to head on down early to the San Mateo Fairgrounds and for once be set up in time for all that lucrative "early bird" action. By noon I still hadn't paid for my part of the booth. What a dud. On top of everything, there was that word again, EBAY! There was literally no other topic of conversation at the show.

Please go to page four.....



THE BELLOWS Newsletter is published 9 times per year by Puget Sound Photographic Collector's Society, Inc. Information for The Bellows should be sent to: Bill Kimber 1413 Weathervane Dr., Tacoma, WA 98466-5712 (253) 564-4046

The P.S.P.C.S. internet address is: <http://www.geocities.com/eureka/park/3740/>

Dues are \$10.00 per year and should be sent to Secretary/Treasurer Shirley Sparrow, 300 Pease Road, Cle Elum, WA 98922 (509) 674-1916. P.S.P.C.S. members receive first notification of our last Saturday in April yearly show.

PRESIDENT: DAVE STUDEBAKER, (253) 582-4878

The following story is reprinted from the Cascade Photographic Historical Society Cascade Panorama, November-December 1998 and is used with much thanks. Ed.

Noted collector Mike Kessler is a P.S.P.C.S. member from Southern Cal. He has sold at several of our Shows. Here is his first hand account of attending an Antique Roadshow TV taping. This popular program is shown on Channel 9 in Seattle at nine p.m. on Friday nights. It is rumored that cameras from the George Eastman House collection will be featured on a late March program. Ed.

A Road to Appraisals

by Mike Kessler

What has 28,000 legs and shuffles? The answer is 14,000 idiots lined up to get into the *Antiques Roadshow*. I was "idiot" 4,152.

There are some things that one just has to do — but do only once. When I heard that the *Antiques Roadshow* was coming to Los Angeles, I could hardly contain the excitement. Even I am smart enough to realize that this ain't no way to get an accurate appraisal on a photographic item, but there are several pieces that we've picked up over the years which have nothing, or at least very little, to do with historical photography. I reasoned that we might even learn something important about these items beyond the dreaded revelation that we probably overpaid for them. Of course it *never, ever* entered my mind that, if we brought along something really nifty, we just might get ourselves interviewed for the TV show.

When we arrived at the LA Convention Center, it was a little after seven in the morning, but the serpentine line of would-be Rockefellers already reached back into the parking garage. There were innumerable little old ladies clutching innumerable pottery vases cocooned in innumerable paper bags; a young couple was dragging what had to be a full suit of armor, and someone else had managed to wrestle a

humongus, carved wooden throne, worthy of any royalty, into the line. Many were clutching mysterious, strangely-shaped parcels whose contents we would never know, while others found it hard to disguise their items, like the man holding the paper bag with the eight-foot Alpenhorn protruding boldly skyward.

Most of the people were more than happy to share their prizes with those around them, but one dour gentleman seemed really ticked off when I asked him what the strangely carved cabinet he was carrying was for. When he said he didn't know, I (as usual) offered my opinion. "It could be a religious shrine, or maybe a telephone holder," I proposed. He slammed the ornately carved door shut and grunted something about people who don't know what they're talking about shouldn't be allowed ... etc. ...

After weaving in and out of every lobby and hallway in the Convention Center complex, the line led outside onto a concrete landing the size of a football field. After basking in the early summer sun for a while, this animated flea market crept back inside and into one of the largest rooms I had ever seen. This is the space that regularly welcomes fifteen or twenty thousand new American citizens at a time — my wife Gladys was one of those a couple of years back — with lots of room left for the families. Chairs placed back-to-back in long, parallel rows crunched our nearly-exhausted remnants of humanity into a series of hairpin turns covering the entire room from top to bottom and side to side.

All crowds create rumors and this was no exception. Scuttlebutt had it that they had originally brought in 70 or so local appraisers for the show but that they were so overwhelmed by the response that another 70 were rounded up. In the end I never saw nearly that many appraisers but a second rumor at least proved to be disturbingly true. Half of everyone who showed up that morning had apparently been denied entry. The line was cut off at seven thousand, leaving another seven thousand furious Angelinos nearly rioting outside. As I watched their angry, frustrated faces through the long line of glass doors, I have to admit that a feeling of relief tinged with arrogance came over me. "Tough luck! Next time get up a little earlier!," I thought. A couple of hours and countless shuffling paces later, I would have gladly traded places with any one of them.

It wasn't long until most everyone learned a few tricks. One family member (we had four) would make the trek up and back one aisle while the rest collapsed in some of the chairs. Next aisle that person would switch places and someone else would get a little rest. Three agonizing hours later we made our way through a single door at the end of the room — the "light at the end of the tunnel."

The next room wasn't *quite* as big, and the line snaked up and down through only half of it. At the far end, however, our journey's end was in sight. There they had constructed the familiar *Roadshow* set with colorful curtains and bright TV lights. Blisters and hunger pangs be damned — we had arrived! A smiling volunteer (it seems that nearly everyone connected to this thing were volunteers, even the appraisers) guided us to a "pre-sorting" table. There we showed our treasures to a young girl who decided which particular appraisal area we were to go to, then gave us the appropriate "good for one appraisal" card. Now all we had to do was ... stand ... in ... more ... lines! AAAARGH!!!

We had brought six items for appraisal. At two appraisals allowed for each person, that left Gladys and me with four pieces: an exquisitely-carved ivory CDV frame that we found in Argentina, an ivory headed bronze statue of an ice skater purchased there as well, a rosewood-veneered English sewing box with a daguerreotype set in the lid and one of a pair of large, elaborate Austrian vases with photographs fired on them. Gladys' sister Lilian took a fifth item for us, an unusual, square pocket watch advertising an Argentine chocolate company, while her other sister Muriel (yes, I had all three of them together, but that's another story) brought along a strange, round metal box with a metal disc inside inscribed with a compass rose.

As one might expect, some of the appraisers seemed to be quite knowledgeable and in good spirits while others appeared to be somewhat less cognizant and exhibited the strain of many hours spent at their posts. We got mostly the latter. 3.
go to page 4...

The "Oriental Arts" line was really long so we decided to get the worst over first. A pleasant young girl from Butterfield's Auction Gallery explained that the frame was similar to many carved ivory objects such as calling card cases which were produced in China for export in the mid-1800s. She had never seen such a carved ivory frame before but she valued it at \$200 (just what I paid for it). I offered her a magnifying glass so she could see the 37 itsy-bitsy human figures posed among the myriad houses, bridges and trees, all meticulously carved within a 1/4 inch wide band. She thanked me politely and said, "Next!"

The sewing box impressed another appraiser as he immediately began to pry away the inner silk liner from the lid in an effort to reveal the back of the daguerreotype. I had to grab his hand to stop him, explaining that I had carefully tried myself, many times, and had decided that it couldn't be removed without being damaged. "Well," he said, somewhat flustered, "If you had a name to go with the portrait, it would be worth more." (No kidding, Sherlock!) Without the daguerreotype, he said, it would probably bring around \$300. With the dag its value might be more like \$800 or \$900 (hummm, just what I paid for it). I thanked him and turned away, mumbling about his ignorance regarding the true value of a rarity such as this.

The bronze statue of the ice skater with her delicately-carved ivory head also impressed the lady at the "Decorative Arts" station. In Argentina, where we bought it, there are many such statues, often signed by the famous sculptor "Ertee," which bring sky-high prices. She decided (our opinion as well) that this particular bronze was probably not by that artist, and she had no idea who else might have produced it. When I nervously mentioned that we had paid more than \$3000 for it some years ago, she reassured me that we had done fine and that it was probably worth more than that. Whew!

The stonefaced gentleman working the "China and Porcelain" table looked the large, photographic vase over quickly but with a practiced eye. "This has been repaired," he stated matter-of-factly. I was impressed as I thought the professional repair I had had done was pretty good. "There's less gloss on the repaired area," he explained. "That gave it away." He warmed up somewhat when I told him that this was one-half of a pair of vases in our collection, one decorated with photos of two children and the other with photos of their parents. "How much do you think they're worth?" I asked, and he replied, "Could go as high as \$4,000." "Even with the one being repaired?" "Yes, even with the repair. Thanks for bringing them in," he offered, smiling, "I really enjoyed seeing them." This time I went away forcing back a grin. I had paid \$200 for the vases and invested an additional \$125 in the repair. Obviously the gentleman was a skilled and scholarly appraiser. My opinion of the days suffering softened just a bit as well.

Lilian returned and informed us that the watch was essentially a cheap mechanism inside an unusual advertising case, but to the right collector it might bring \$800 or more. It was a gift from an Argentine family member but it's always nice to know the value of things. Muriel's "mystery object," found in her late uncle's effects, turned out to be a rather large lady's compact. The glass mirror must have broken and been removed, leaving its decorated metal backing disc to tantalize us. Value? Personal.

So in the end we got our appraisals, but at no time did someone come over and say "Wow! That's such a wonderful piece; would you consider letting us film it for TV?" Sour grapes! All of us were quite sure that any one of the items we had brought was far more interesting than many of those highlighted on the *Roadshow*. Then, as we turned to drag our exhausted forms from the auditorium, we stopped to watch a flurry of people, cameras and lights, all concentrating on a brown, ratty ball of fur in the middle of a padded table. That miserable, moth-eaten, Steif teddy bear was probably appraised for more than any other ten pieces in the room. There's, "sob, sniff," just no accounting for taste.

Continued from page two...

Now, contrary to popular opinion, I'm not a complete dunce. I bought my computer over four years ago and I've been aware of ... (that irritating word again) for quite awhile, but it was only now, on this somewhat miserable weekend, that reality finally sunk in. Those fabulous, once-a-year camera shows are ancient history, and now the days of the so-so, six- or eight-times-a-year camera shows are numbered. Why schlep hundreds of pounds of cameras and such to a show where, because it happens to coincide with a major football game or something, no buyers show up? As if to punctuate my brilliant realization, I'm still suffering back pains from dragging to the show a gorgeous but extremely heavy, floor-standing stereoscope that, a year ago, would have sold in the first ten minutes. By the time I wrestled it up the stairs back home to its now permanent resting place in the guest bathroom, I was muttering over and over, "No (ugh) more; not a (bleepin') chance; ... the last (*\$@*) time, I swear!"

So the decision is made. I'll be selling on the Internet before you can say, "I told you so." All I need is a flat bed scanner, preferably one that handles transparencies, a digital camera, a Junior College course in Adobe Photoshop and a fiber-optic connection to the Internet.

Oh heck. If I sold all my "junk" tomorrow, it wouldn't pay for all that. I wonder ... hummm ... if I wrote it all down on 3 by 5 cards and posted them at every supermarket in the neighborhood. I could draw little pictures of each camera and ... hey, don't be jealous — it's about time one of my ideas was a "winner!"

Answer:
Pocket Kozy
by Kozy Cam-
era Co., c
1895 which
opened like a
book with
bellows be-
tween the
covers. Used
roll film for 3.5
X 3.5 expo-
sures with
lens located on the end of one cover. Two
models are known and value estimates are
\$1,000-\$1,800.

